



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



PUCK'S SOLUTION OF THE FERRY-BOULANGER PROBLEM.  
Honor Satisfied, Powder Burnt, and Nobody Hurt.



PUCK,  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,  
from the  
PUCK BUILDING,  
New York.

Publishers and Proprietors, - Joseph Keppler.  
A. Schwarzmunn.  
Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, August 24th, 1887.—No. 546.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AFTER ALL, a nation must be governed in the interest of its citizens. This sounds like an axiom, an undisputed proposition. And yet it does not seem to be clear to our citizens. They think, a great many of them, that our whole system of government exists for the benefit of the professional politicians. Let us take, for the instance of inquiry, the case of Samuel Smith, merchant, of the town of Blank Harbor. Mr. Smith is a respectable, estimable citizen; a man of undoubted probity, and a person of common-sense. Let us ask him what he thinks of President Cleveland, for whom he voted in 1884, as became him, all the Smiths of Blank Harbor having been good Democrats ever since there was a Democratic party. "Well," Mr. Samuel Smith may say: "I am satisfied with Mr. Cleveland, for my part. He's made a first-rate President; he's been conservative, careful and sensible. I don't know that he has not done as well for the country as any President ever did. I don't want any better man. I don't know, though, that he's done just the right thing for his party. I'm a Democrat; I've always been a Democrat, and I think that a Democratic President ought to give offices to Democrats. I don't know that Mr. Cleveland has done just the right thing there."

Let us have this out with you, Mr. Samuel Smith. Will you kindly try to find out what you really mean? You are a solid merchant, one of the pillars of society in your town. Now, what is it that you wish the President to do "for the party" in your town? You desire to see Democrats appointed to the offices that Republicans hold. Well, what are those offices? Your post-master is a Republican. He has served as post-master for many years. He is a good post-master. You yourself recommended him to President Grant in 1873. Your name was on the list of merchants that certified to his ability and respectability. He has served the country and his town all these years, and he has served it well. No man's mail has been held back because it was addressed to a Democrat. Boxes have been rented at one price to men of all political factions. Democrat as you are, the letters you have dropped in the slit have been forwarded as promptly as the letters of the "blackest" Republican in Blank Harbor. This man knows his business thoroughly, and does it thoroughly well. Do you want to have him turned out to make room for some inexperienced man whose only claim to recognition is that he votes with the Democratic party?

What difference does it make? If the public servant be a good public servant, what need you care for his private opinions? Do you ask your butcher what his politics are? Do you seek to know the religious faith of the man who sells you a railroad ticket to Skowhegan? Not a bit of it. In such matters you employ your common-sense. You go to your butcher for meat—it is his business to furnish meat. You go to the ticket-seller for your ticket—that is what he is there for. Now, then, why does not that same simple reasoning apply to the case of the post-master? He is in his place to discharge a post-master's duty. That is why he is called a post-master. He is not there to bolster up a party, or to help a politician to re-election. He is there to do his plain, common, every-day, regular business as a post-master. He is there to receive, dispatch and deliver mails. If he does his duty, it is nobody's concern whether he is a Republican or a Democrat; a Baptist or a High Church Episcopalian.

There, Mr. Samuel Smith, is the one thing that you have to take into consideration. This government is constituted to take charge of public affairs. It is not a machine constructed to work for any political party. The duty of your Post-master is to manage his post-office for the benefit of the community. The duty of your Collector is to see to the proper collection of the duties imposed on imports. The duty of your United States Marshal is to obey the orders of his superiors and to do police-work for the National Government. And every public officer is in like case. His business is to do his business; and his politics are of no more importance to the community—providing that he does his business—than is his religion. We have a President who understands this wholesome truth. There are many of the people who need to be educated up to it.

You, Mr. Samuel Smith, must need light on this subject. Will you not try for once to look at the public service as you look at your own business? When a competent clerk offers his services to you, and you eagerly engage him, do you ask what may be his political complexion? Do you try to "do something for your party" in hiring clerks? You do not. Very well, then. Why should the President of the United States, elected by the votes of all the states, undertake to "do something" for his party in fulfilling his constitutional duty to hire men to do the work of the United States?

The competition for the MIDSUMMER PUCK PRIZE PUZZLE closes on the 1st of September. In our issue of September 14th the names of the successful competitors will be given. It has been suggested to us that the time allowed for the solving of our pictorial problem is too short, and that the readers of the MIDSUMMER PUCK ought to have more days to spend in cutting and piecing together the wild combination of heads. Of course, any such extension of time would be unjust to those who have struggled for the first prize. According to the terms of our proposition, all who have sent in correct reconstructions of the puzzle-sheet before September 1st are entitled to an equal share in the \$500-prize-fund; and all such winners will be paid as soon as we can examine the lists sent in. We know, however, that there may be many belated puzzlers, and for their sake, we extend the time of competition for the second prize—an unlimited award—to October 1st. Any person sending us forty faces correctly reconstructed, before October 1st, 1887, will win a year's subscription to PUCK's LIBRARY, issued monthly.

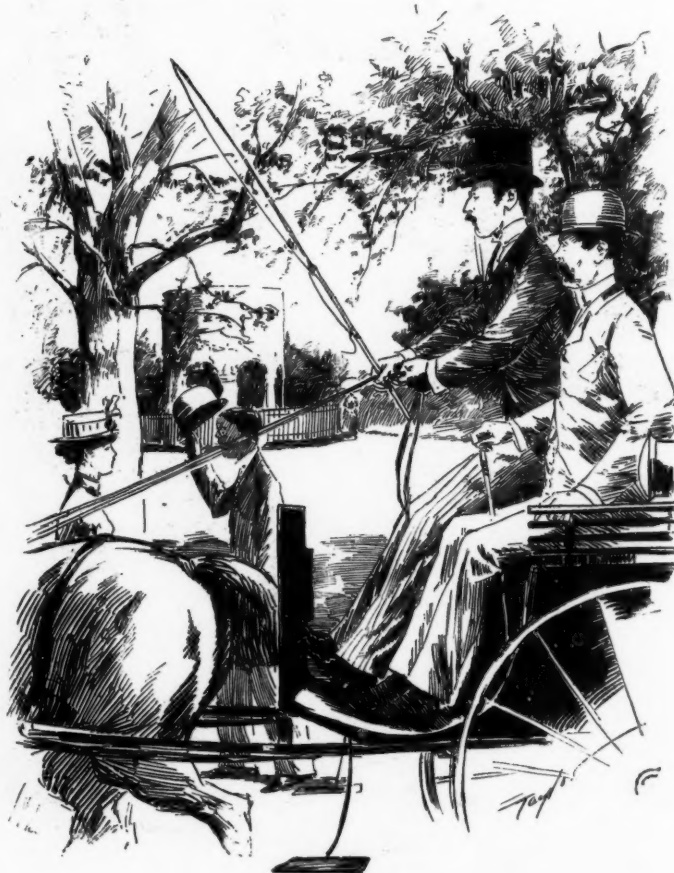
The great advance made of late years in artistic and typographical elegance and beauty in connection with illustrated journalism, was never more clearly demonstrated than in the midsummer edition of PUCK.—*Drake's Magazine*.

Nothing more delicate in design or execution has ever been seen in publications of this kind.—*Albany Times*.

This number is by far the best thing that PUCK has ever published, whether viewed in a literary or an artistic light.—*Chicago Daily News*.

The perfection of color printing. The *London Graphic* and all other papers printed in colors can take lessons from the MIDSUMMER PUCK with advantage.—*Albany Sunday Press*.

A midsummer sensation. Altogether the MIDSUMMER PUCK is something of which Americans can justly be proud.—*Albany Sunday Express*.



## UNSENTIMENTAL.

DE BLOY (showing his Chicago cousin around Newport).  
—That's the old mill that Longfellow wrote about.

CHICAGO COUSIN.—Huh! Y' ought to see Washburn's plant up in Minneapolis!





## FATE.

There is a poet whom I know,  
Whose lot is very hard:  
He earns his board as novelist,  
A-writing by the yard.

He spins the tale of Gory Sam,  
The Blood-hound of the Plains;  
And tells you whom he killed, and what  
He did with the remains.

He writes of Bloody Salsify,  
The great Detective Scout;  
And for ten cents the world may learn  
What Salsify found out.

It is a low, pernicious biz,  
And one that you would spurn;  
And yet at this he is compelled  
His weekly board to earn.

Although he is a poet born,  
Of fancy fine and free;  
And he can write the loveliest verse  
That ever you did see:

But he can only poet when  
Poetic thoughts are thunk;  
And that with him is only when  
He is just two-thirds drunk.

And he has got a moral wife,  
Who will not let him drink;  
And that is why poetic thoughts  
He has no chance to think.

She will not let him get so boiled  
That inspiration flows;  
And so he even writes the tale  
Of Sleuth-with-Seven-Toes.

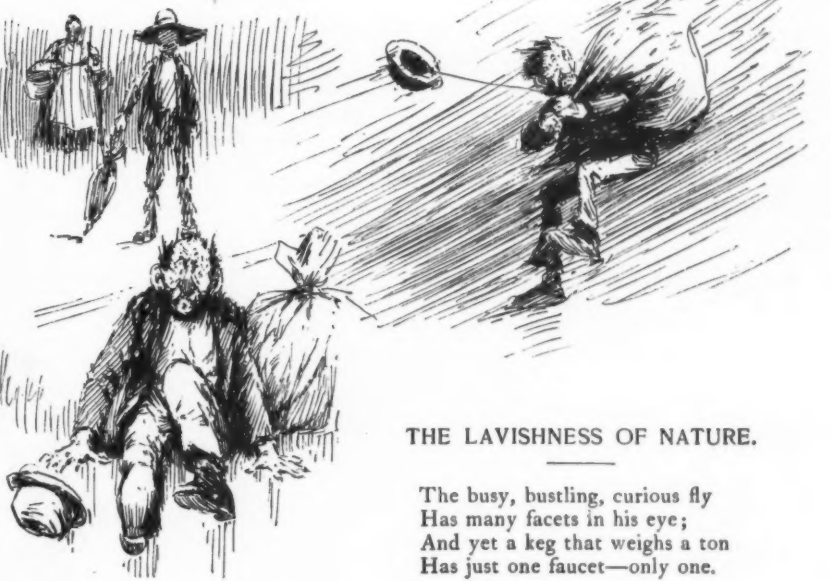
And so because his poet's plea  
For inspiration's scorned,  
This poet is like other poets  
Who never have been borned.

## MORE FATE.

The day was close, the day was warm—  
There came a nasty thunder-storm;  
It zipped along among the hills,  
And twisted trees like paper spills;  
It swept off roofs and scooped out creeks,  
And gave the landscape various licks;  
It put the telegraph poles awry,  
And knocked the Baptist church sky high;  
It did, in fact, just all it knew  
To show that when it blew, it blew.  
And mostly it appeared to plan  
To blow upon one single man;  
It put its best licks in on him  
Until the evening sky grew dim;  
Along the sandy country road  
It blew that peddler and his load;  
And manfully he struggled on  
Until the day was almost gone;  
And then a town he chanced to find  
Quite sheltered from the angry wynd;  
And there this man with nerves of steel,  
Who would for no tornado reel,  
Sat down on one small orange-peel.

## DIALOGUE IN A MEATERY.

The Cutlet said to the Mutton-chop:  
"Don't you feel cut-up when you  
leave the shop?"  
And the Chop replied, with a choking  
sob:  
"I should feel much worse if my name  
were Bob;"  
But the Cutlet returned, with a shrug  
genteel:  
"Oh, *that's* just about as you happen  
to veal."



## THE LAVISHNESS OF NATURE.

The busy, bustling, curious fly  
Has many facets in his eye;  
And yet a keg that weighs a ton  
Has just one faucet—only one.

## COMPENSATION.

Blame no more the base mosquito,  
Meaner than the late Charles  
Guiteau;  
Though he bites your every feature,  
He is an impartial creature.  
For he does his work in order:  
Though he chews the summer-  
boarder,

Yet he evens things, a kinder,  
For he goes off with a jerk,  
And upon the organ-grinder,  
Wandering just where he's a  
mind ter,  
That mosquito  
Feels quite free to  
Get in just his finest work.



## 'T WAS AT MANHATTAN BEACH.



A WAITER.  
MRS. ÉTAMINE.  
MISS DE BEIGE.  
MISS SATINE.  
MISS FOULARD.  
THE SAME WAITER AGAIN.

THE WAITER.—Well, ladies, what 'll it be?\*

MRS. ÉTAMINE.—I don't know what you girls are going to take; but I can't eat a thing—unless it's ice-cream.

MISS DE BEIGE.—I'm sure I don't want any thing except cream. I never *can* eat in this hot weather.

MISS SATINE.—I'd like some ice-cream, if they've got any *real* pistache.

MISS FOULARD.—Oh, I would n't trust them to give me pistache *here*! I don't believe they know what pistache is. I'm going to take chocolate.

MRS. ÉTAMINE.—I'd take chocolate, too, only it's so heavy, all by itself.

MISS DE BEIGE.—Why don't you take it with strawberry?

MRS. ÉTAMINE.—Oh, I don't think strawberry and chocolate go well together! The contrast is too striking, don't you think?

MISS DE BEIGE.—Well, perhaps it *is* a little—loud.

MISS FOULARD.—Lemon and chocolate are awfully nice.

MISS SATINE.—But there's something about pistache, don't you know—so delicate.

MISS FOULARD.—I'm sure lemon is delicate. You can't taste any flavor at all, the way they make it at most places.

MISS SATINE.—But pistache is so *refined*, don't you know!

MRS. ÉTAMINE.—Dear me, here's this man standing by waiting—it's perfectly horrid to have him looming over us like a ghost or something. Do let's give our orders and get him away!

MISS DE BEIGE.—Well, what are you going to order?

MRS. ÉTAMINE.—Why, I told you—chocolate and lemon.

MISS FOULARD.—No; that was what *I* ordered, was n't it?

MRS. ÉTAMINE.—Why, so it was! Chocolate and strawberry I meant. Some people think that's too heavy—too cloying, you know—but *I* think it's about as good as any thing.

MISS DE BEIGE.—Well, I think I'll take that, too. I don't know, though. Lemon is awfully good. I know a lady up in the Catskills—she had the loveliest little boy, just six years old, with curly hair that hung ever so far down his back, and he used to come to me every morning and ask for candy in the prettiest way—just like a little dog, and he learned it all himself—his mother told me nobody taught him—though I've always believed that that child never *could* have originated the idea all by himself—

MRS. ÉTAMINE.—Excuse me, Clara; but the man is waiting.

MISS DE BEIGE.—As I was *saying*, she was poisoned by eating lemon ice-cream; but I believe they found out afterward that some one put the rat-poison in the freezer by mistake—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Étamine; I did n't know you were speaking—oh, yes—strawberry ice-cream, waiter, and a fork, if you please—don't bring me a spoon—I don't want it.

MISS SATINE.—Well, if I can't have pistache—

MISS FOULARD.—You can't—I'm sure they have n't got it here.

I'll take—let me see—some chocolate, I guess. Is your chocolate good, waiter?

MISS SATINE.—Oh, it's sure to be good—they never give you bad chocolate. Well, I *did* want pistache; but I think I'll take lemon. Some lemon ice-cream, waiter—lemon flavor—and don't bring it half-melted.

MRS. ÉTAMINE (*impressively*).—Some chocolate and strawberry ice-cream, waiter, mixed. And a spoon. Do you understand me, waiter? A spoon. *Not* a fork.

MISS FOULARD.—Chocolate ice-cream—don't forget!

MISS SATINE.—Lemon ice-cream!

MISS DE BEIGE.—Strawberry—and a fork!

MRS. ÉTAMINE.—Chocolate and strawberry—spoon, of course, waiter. I suppose you know *that*.

THE WAITER.—Ice-cream?—yes, ma'am. We ain't got nothin' only verniller, ma'am. Yaas'm—all out of everythin' only verniller. What 'll it be, ladies?

A FACETIOUS GROCER, who would not be floored by adversity, recently put the following on his window:

The reason you see the shutters up,  
The reason you find the door closed  
Is that the sheriff came yesterday  
And foreclosed.

ONE OF FOREPAUGH'S peanut venders, who had just recovered from an attack of measles, ventured among the occupants of the tent in a Western town and spread the disease among five hundred people. Barnum would, no doubt, gladly pay a high price for an advertisement scheme half the size of this.

LORD BRAMWELL WANTS to know: "Has Ireland a grievance?" It has. It wants to run itself, and can not. It wants to have a game law by which it can shoot landlords all the year round. It does n't want to pay any rent. It would like to batten on England as the Indians batten on America. But somehow or other England seems to batten on Ireland—with policemen's batons. The Irishman is not satisfied when England is running him, any more than when he is running America. He could not thrive without grievances any more than he could without potatoes. And to prove this it is only necessary to say that when his life is all sunshine he pitches in and beats his wife.



## THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

MULLIN.—Oi hev a chinder in me eye, from th' gas-house!

MRS. MULLIN.—Sorra, sorra! This is pfwat yez'll do. Hould yure nose wid wan hand; tur-rn th' lid av yure oye insidy-out wid th' other; kape yure mout' shut, an' shneeze like th' divil!

MULLIN.—Oi t'ink Oi'll kape th' chinder, Rosie!

\*'Twas at Manhattan Beach.



## BESS.



'EN YER talkin' 'bout yer beauties,  
With their purty eyes 'n' lashes,  
An' their lips like cherry-fruit is  
When the rain acrost it splashes,  
With their cheeks like plumb-ripe peaches,  
An' their locks whar sunbeams flashes—  
Why, I listen at yer speeches,  
Sayin' nothin'; but I jes'  
Let my thinkin' loose on Bess.

I don't go much on beauty,  
Cuz I've alwuz hed the feelin'  
Thet a 'ligious man's first duty  
Wuz ter keep its tricks from stealin'  
'Crost his judgement—but I'm free ter  
Say I never hed the dealin'  
With the crittur what could beat her;  
Far ez looks go, I confess,  
I'm a sorter stuck on Bess!

Now, her eyes—they're big, an' rollin'  
'Gainst a wis'ful brownish yeller,  
Like ez if a tear wuz hol'in'  
Back ter paralyze a feller!  
An' the lashes heftin' over  
Whar the light hides soft an' meller,  
Ain't the curlin' kind, but cover  
Purty nigh the hull possess'  
Roun', well-favored eyes o' Bess.

"Like ter see her?" Sartain—all yer  
Hev ter do is wait a secon',  
While I jes' turn in an' call her  
From the medder whar she's peckin'  
Clover-cuds an' juicy grasses  
'Mongst the other cows, I reckon;  
An' you 'll see she 'bout surpasses  
Common Jersey heifers, 'less  
I'm consairned mistook in Bess!

*Eva Wilder-McGlasson.*

## HE COULD N'T STAND IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

HENSHAW, *Yacht owner.*

BILES.

BLODGET.

PHENIX.

JERDEN.

TWIST, and

BRANDEEP, *from Colorado.*

BILES (*just to pass away the time*).—  
Has it occurred to you, Mr. Brandeep,  
why the Ward line steamer we just passed  
resembles Henry the Eighth?

BRANDEEP.—I can't say that it has, Mr.  
Biles. Why does she?

BLODGET (*under his breath*).—Be care-  
ful, Biles.

JERDEN.—Had n't you better go below  
a minute, old man?

PHENIX and TWIST (*together*).—Look  
at that whale!

BILES (*doggedly*).—She was bound to  
Have Anna—see?

BRANDEEP.—Ping!!!

BILES.—Splash, gurgle, gluck!  
And the sea flowed on.

THE THING that Hanlan ought to do  
now is to join the Metropolitans.

THE THROAT MALADY of the Crown  
Prince of Germany is said to be in-  
curable. This should be a warning to his  
countrymen not to put their knives too  
far down their throats while eating.

WHEN BUFFALO BILL lets go of the Eu-  
ropean end of the Atlantic cable,  
Mr. Blaine stands ready to grab it.



OF COURSE—The Volunteer has no need of a substitute.

DID you ever notice one little thing?—the home team and the home  
umpire can knock the visitors out every time.

E. J. ANDERSON, of Tolliver Co., Ga., has a Plymouth Rock rooster  
with three complete throats. If he wants to make a dicker, there  
is one in a back-yard adjacent to this office which we will change off  
"unsight unseen" for his curiosity, in the hope of getting a little peace  
and quiet. Ours has only one throat;  
but he has swallowed a keg of nails, a  
hotel gong and a pair of cymbals.

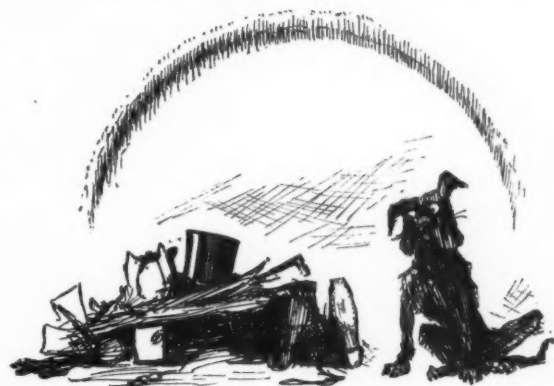
## THEY BOTH WONDERED.



"I wonder what that is?"



! ! ! ! !



"I wonder what that is?"

THE FIRST THING a man does when he  
moves out into the country is to  
buy a fifteen-dollar barometer. The last  
thing that he ever does is to look at it.

"TAKE HOME a watermelon in a sling,"  
is a sign to be met with all along  
Washington Street. If David were alive  
to-day, he would n't bother with small  
stones from a brook, if he had to tackle  
Goliath again.

DR. MC GLYNN SAYS that he does n't in-  
tend to marry. It seems a pity. A  
conscientious, robust woman with a broom  
stick would be invaluable to him.

THE NEWS COMES from Austria that the  
Count Clam is dead. Poor fellow,  
he has taken the advice: "Don't be a  
clam!"

IN BECOMING an American citizen, Mrs.  
Langtry sets the Anglomaniacs a good  
example.

WHENEVER THE *Sun* takes a pinch of  
snuff the *Mail-and-Express* sneezes  
enjoyably.

THE BOY who goes in swimming against  
his father's commands is the boy  
who never gets drowned. But he often  
gets something equally unpleasant.

JOKES ON THE failure of the Delaware  
peach crop are beginning to stick in  
the crop. This one is hopelessly stuck.

IN THIS HOT WEATHER the cellar would  
be a pleasant place to stay in if it  
was n't for the gas metre staring you in  
the face.

JOHN SWINTON'S PAPER fills a long-felt  
want. It has stopped publication.

THE *Sun* HAS LOST some of its circula-  
tion; but it still keeps its cholera  
mixture at the same old standing-galley.

WHEN YOU GET a pretty girl on one  
side of the net, and a good-looking  
young man on the other, tennis "singles"  
are apt to be doubles before you know  
where you are.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER is the crookedest  
stream in this country. It is worse  
than the Brighton track.

TWO eminent burglars are named re-  
spectively Faith and Hope. These  
names, like Charity, cover a multitude of  
sins.

# LOVE'S RUSE.

*A Ballad of the Bounding Sea.*

It was a boat to Coney Isle,  
And 't was a lady fair,  
Who wore a pink complexion  
And a tootsey-wootsey stare;  
And the trouble all arose about  
An every-day camp-chair.

The lady sat, as ladies will,  
Resting upon one seat,  
While another canvas camp-stool  
Made encampment for her feet,  
Though camp-chairs at a premium were  
Throughout the gallant fleet.



Then soft approached a gentleman,  
Whose coat was deep sky-blue,  
And didn't in the least prevent  
A full posterior view;  
It was a case of tails cut short,  
Of one coat making two.

His trousers fitted him skin-tight,  
His hair was very short,  
Said he: "Excuse me, lady,  
But is this 'ere camp-stool bought?  
'Cause, if it aint, my gal and me  
Would set on it, we thought."

The lady, from the extra stool,  
She didn't stir a peg,  
By which is delicately meant,  
Did not remove a leg;  
It was as though a setting hen  
Were bade forsake an egg.

Now all the passengers looked on,  
To see that young man faint,  
But "I swow" was all he uttered  
In way of a complaint;  
Then turning to his girl he said:  
"It is; blest if it ain't!"



"What, Silas?" said the maiden,  
With a sheep's-eye at her beau;  
"Why, bless my early pumpkins,"  
Said the lover: "don't you know?  
That's the prize gal with the monster feet  
They brought from O-hi-o!"

"Now, Silas, you don't say so?  
Well, if ever! I declare!  
So that 's the reason for her feet  
She hes to hev a chair?  
S'pose she takes a settee  
When she wants to rest the pair."

It was the boat to Coney Isle,  
And 't was a loving pair;  
Two souls with but a single thought,  
But each soul had a chair;  
And the lady of the two camp-stools?  
Well—that lady was n't there.

*N. P. Babcock.*

## PLEASANT DREAMS.

"IT AIN'T ev'ry body I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mrs. Jinks to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending his first night in B——, at her house.

"This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on: "My first husband died in that bed with his head on them very pillars, and poor Mr. Jinks died settin' right in that very chair there in the corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him settin' there still.

"My own father died layin' right on that lounge under the winder. Poor pa! He was a Speeritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room again after he died; and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see any thing of him to-night, you'd better not tell me; for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in Speeritualism, and I'd hate to think that.

"My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him; and half-a-dozen skulls in that lower drawer.

"Well, good-night, and pleasant dreams."

## AT LUNCH.

MURTY.—Thry a bit av this corn-bafe, Dinny. Me pail 's full av it.  
DINNY.—T'anks, Gallagher, Oi hev no mate. Wait till Oi assishts yez to a block o' this nannygoat chaze. Me ould 'ooman med it th' day.  
(Three minutes' silence, in which Gallagher samples the cheese.)

MURTY.—It 's not me that 's likin' ter look down th' t'roat av a gift harse, Dinny; but it 's me solid opinion that Fourpaws is afther usin' th' divil's own paste fer his posther's th' prisint year.

## A DELICATE SITUATION.

"Uncle James," said Miss Penelope Waldo, of Boston, who is visiting in the country: "I was out walking this morning, and young Mr. Smith, who was with me, killed a snake. When I asked him what kind of a snake it was he seemed embarrassed and changed the subject."

"The only kind o' snakes we hev about here, Penelope," said her Uncle James: "is garter snakes."

Then Miss Waldo realized the innate delicacy of young Mr. Smith, and was deeply grateful to him.



MRS. MCGUE AT THE PARK.

"Dombed av they have n't got Kelly o' th' Fourt' Ward locked up agin! Batin' th' ould 'ooman, Oi'll lay me bets. Oi'll not notice th' poor divil, to save th' feelin's av him!"

"THE CRYING NEED of this age is a gravy-colored table-cloth."—Puckering sent in by a recently-married young man who is a little weak on his carving.





## UNSEASONABLE.

WIFE OF PROMINENT CARTOONIST.—I'm very sorry, my dear; but that idea for the Christmas number of the *Yankee Figaro* must positively be evolved before night.

## MR. HASBEEN ON SUMMER DRINKS.

"WELL, no; that ain't a bad sort of a drink on a hot day," remarked old Mr. Hasbeen, smacking his lips, as he laid his soda-water glass down on the marble counter, took off his hat and wiped his head with a large red handkerchief: "But, some way, we don't get such summer drinks now a days as we used to have when I was a young man.

"Did you ever drink any switchel?

"No? I thought not. Now, that's the thing that goes right to the spot on a hot day. Why, when they used to bring a pail of it down into the blazing harvest-field, made with just enough ginger, and just enough vinegar, and just enough molasses and ice-cold water, I tell you it tasted a darn sight better 'n a whole barrel full of such stuff as that.

"Don't suppose you ever drank any genuine home-made root beer, either, nor any apple-jack; and I'll bet a sixpence you don't get a drink of clear, pure water, right from the hidden springs of the earth, once a year here in the city, like I used to draw up with the old sweep out of the never-failing well, under the apple-trees on the old farm.

"I can most see the old moss-covered bucket now, that we used to balance on the well-curb to drink out of, while the cold sparkling water would trickle down on our dirty little bare feet, and cool off the throbbing stone bruises on our heels.

"As Burns says:

'Oh! The Old Oaken Bucket,  
The iron-bound bucket;  
And who shall chide me  
For loving, the old moss-covered bucket  
We worked with a sweep.'

"Then, there was cider, too, made right out of apples at the old cider-mill on the hill, to drink all through the fall and winter. None of your stuff made out of dynamite and fusel oil and greased lightnin'. Oh, no; we got it pure, just as it come from the press."

"Did n't it used to get pretty hard before spring, Mr. Hasbeen, and rather inclined to make a man tipsy?" queried one of his friends, winking to the group.

"Well, it did some people; but nothin' never seemed to have no effect on me, no more 'n water. I could get outside of any amount of stuff, and lay the boys all out 'ithout ever noticin' it myself."

"I don't suppose you could stand it to drink a good deal of beer, Mr. Hasbeen?"

"Well, now, I don't know; I aint much in practice; but I guess I could hold up my end of the whiffletree with the boys about as well as ever I could," rejoined Mr. Hasbeen indignantly.

And then they went out in the calm of the early evening, till they came to a green baize door which said "Push" on it in brass-headed tacks.

The town clocks had struck up as high as they could, and begun on another series, and the moon had finished up its night's work and gone

on around to fill a soft-romantic-light engagement in China, when they piloted old Mr. Hasbeen home, set him gently down on the front-steps, leaned him carefully against the door-post, and rang the bell. And as they stole quietly away, they heard him singing softly to himself:

"Oh (hic) thole oky bucky (hic)  
Thiry bow (hic) bucky  
(hic) Maw covy bucky  
Tung (hic) in the well—"

C. N. Hood.

## SOBER SECOND THOUGHT.

"You say you want to marry my daughter; have you spoken to her?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man: "and have gained her consent."

"Well, if she has said yes, that settles it. Anything I might say or do would n't have the slightest influence."

Then the young man goes home and wonders if he is n't too young to marry such a girl.

## LAWFULLY FLOORED.

SURPRISED CITIZEN.—Is n't this General Croton, the celebrated temperance orator?

BEAM-ENDED INDIVIDUAL.—That'sh my (hic-g-ll) name, shir!

CITIZEN.—How did you come to get into this disgraceful condition?

BEAM-ENDED INDIVIDUAL.—C'nvicted sheventeen bar-tendersh on ('x-cuse me; thought your foot wash a dog) pershonnally s'cured evidensh, thish morn'n'

## TWO TRIES.

McGUCKEN (*absent-mindedly*).—Lum tum tum, lumty tumty tumty tumty—

HOOGENHEIMER (*scornfully*).—Are you trying to get that tune?

McGUCKEN (*innocently*).—What tune?

HOOGENHEIMER.—Why, that Boulanger thing—that—that "On rev-venon del lar rev—" (*with difficulty*) rev-vcu-u-u-u—

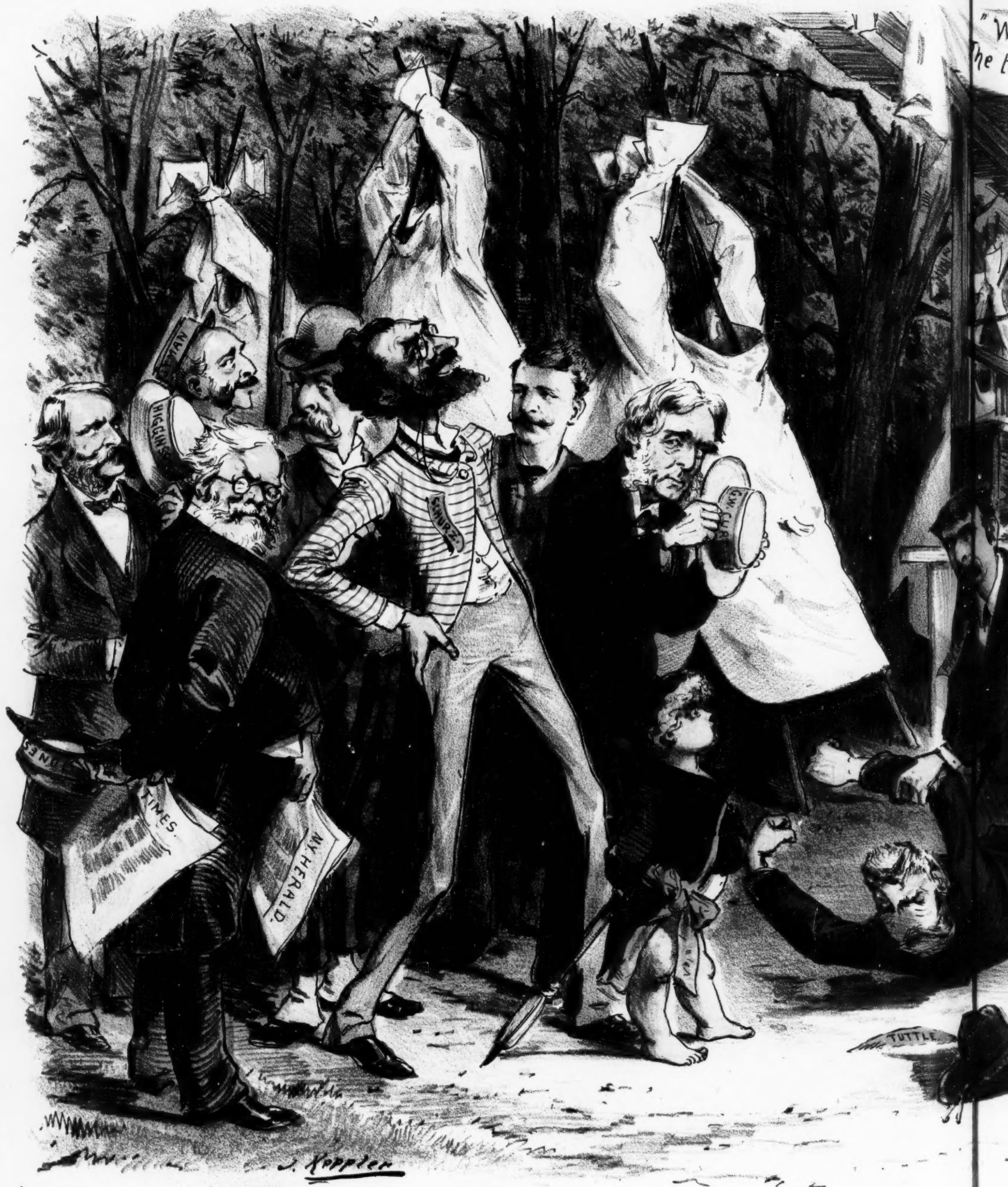
McGUCKEN (*coldly*).—Are you trying to get that accent, Hoogenheimer?



## FILIAL HOSPITALITY.

MANSFIELD.—Holy Moses! old man. What is it?

LUQUER.—I've an uncle in the South Pacific trade, who brought it to me. You ought to see how thoroughly my governor enjoys it when he comes to see me. He's fond of Dublin Stout and Medford Rum mixed, you know, and it pleases him to find, when he sobers up, that he's seen something real.

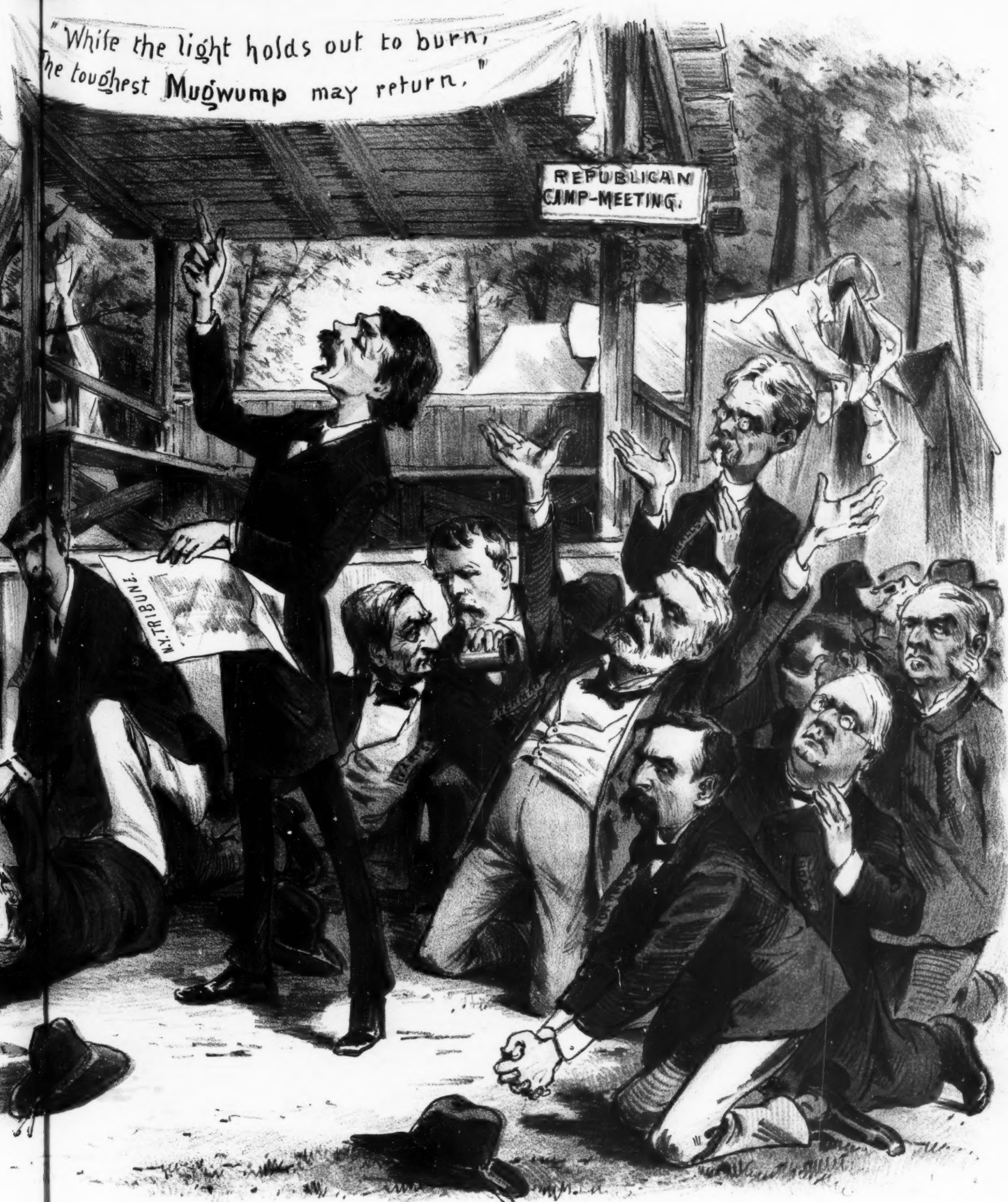


"COME BACK! - COME BACK!"  
A Last Desperate Appeal to the



PUCK.

"While the light holds out to burn,  
The toughest Mugwump may return."



CK!—COME BACK!!"  
ate Appeal to the Independents.

J. Ottumman, Lith. PUCK BUILDING, N. Y.

## A PAINTER'S WOES.



UNDER THE spreading tree the painter sits before his easel immortalizing on canvas the silver birches that rustle a short distance off. The painter finds it very difficult to paint off in this White Mountain resort, because every one in the neighborhood comes and stands in front of him and regard him as a curiosity.

"How long does it take to learn to paint like that?" inquires a dry-goods clerk in a striped shirt and a white collar.

"That depends," replies the painter, as he relights his pipe: "You might learn it in five years, or you might never learn it. There are lots of men driving horse-cars who would undoubtedly be good painters if they would only try; and there are many painters who would

shine as horse-car drivers if they could only be persuaded that they can not paint."

"Is it very hard to mix colors?" asks the dry-goods clerk, as he takes a small glass from his pocket and looks into it to see if his moustache sets right.

"Not any more difficult than it is to mix drinks," replies the painter: "after you once know how. The bar-tender yonder probably knows no more of the values of colors than I do of the values of the various cordials he uses. It is easy for the bridge-jumper to jump off a bridge, yet other people who have essayed this feat, because they could n't help descending, and thought it consequently must be easy, have thought differently on being picked out of the water split to the collar button."

"How much do you make on a picture like that?" asks the clerk.

"Say, Scrim," I venture to break in.

"Well," he replies, reddening a little.

"Can you tell me the difference between a dairyman and a dry-goods merchant?"

"No; what is it?"

"Why, one sells watered milk, and the other sells watered silk. How much does bombazine cost a yard, and how much do they fine you when it takes you a second more than the allotted time to get a drink of water? Cash!"

As the dry-goods clerk drifted off the painter thanked me, and we went on smoking and talking.

Shortly after this a young lady steps up.

"Would you mind having me look at you while you paint?" she asks.

"Not at all," replies the painter: "not at all. I have made sketches for weekly papers in the city when the people were so thick in front of me that I had to have a policeman disperse them in order that I might see the object I was trying to sketch. And then I had to use one hand to fan the urchins off my back."

She remarks that "that must have been too dreadful for any thing!" and then continues:

"Which do you believe in—the old or the new school?"

"Both," replies the painter, as he lays on a thick cloud: "Just as I believe in old ale and new ale. Shakspeare and Josh Billings belonged to different schools; yet, while Shakspeare was the greater man, Joshua got there all the same; because they were both full of humanity and true

to nature, and neither of them good spellers; for William even spelled his name fourteen or fifteen different ways. You might as well ask me which I would rather be bitten by—a shark or an alligator. The alligator bites lying on his chest; but the shark has to turn on his back to perform the same operation. One works the under jaw, the other the upper. They are as different in their methods of biting as Correggio and Turner were in their methods of painting; yet even as Correggio and Turner were good painters, so the alligator and the shark are good biters."

"The reason I asked," she says: "is that I am interested a little in art myself."

"Yes?"

"Yes," she continues modestly: "I have taken lessons from Mr. Snifkin, of Horse Heads, for two quarters. Do you know Mr. Snifkin? He used to paint at the League."

"Don't know him," says the painter.

"Now, I just want to get your opinion on thick and thin painting. Which do you prefer?"

"I have seen good and bad of both. A good thin painting is better than a poor thick one, and *vice versa*. Painting is very much like pie. If it is good pie, it makes no difference whether it is a foot thick or an inch thin; it is sure to go down with the public."

"I hope you will excuse me," she says: "but I want to know all I can. I have some studies which I would like to show you, sometime, if you would like to see them."

"Only too happy," says the painter; and as she trips off he continues: "I meant I was only too happy to see her going. I suppose this pump-maker coming down the road will want to know which is the most difficult to paint—portraits or marines."

And then the millionaire pump-maker came up and stood and looked on awhile in blank astonishment.

"Nice picture, that!"

The painter smiles. He is a prospective picture buyer.

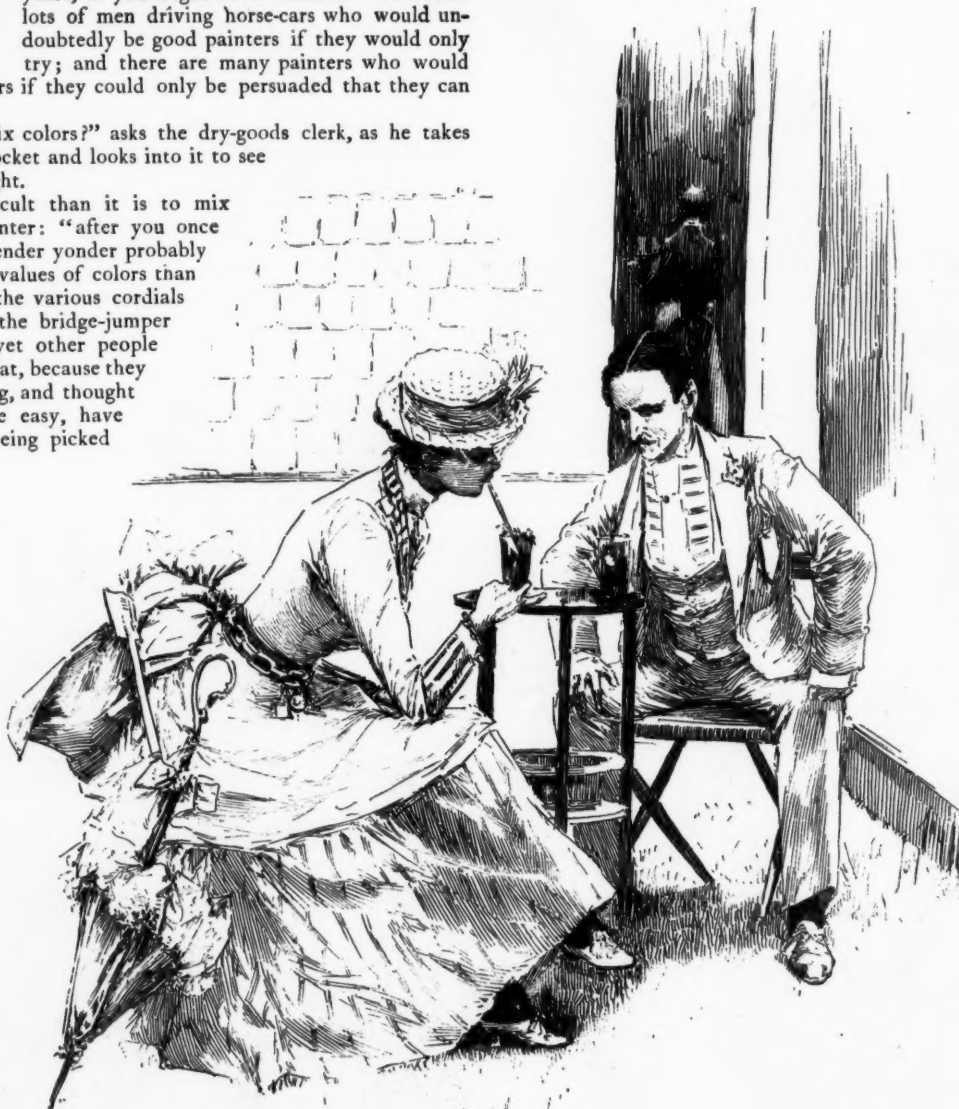
"Yes; I feel that I am getting this about right."

"But, after it is all finished and framed, will it be as good as an ordinary photograph?"

"Can't tell," says the painter: "but if it is better, I can sell it for six hundred dollars to any *connoisseur*."

"And if it is n't?"

"Then I'll sell it to some monkey of a pump-maker that does n't know a water-color from an etching, for a thousand." R. K. M.



## A NARRAGANSETT COOLER.

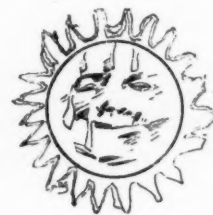
MISS LAURA.—Take a dip with me, Tom. You have n't been in since we came!

COUSIN TOM.—Really cawn't, old girl. Water's too beastly cold!

MISS LAURA.—Why, you ought not to mind a little thing like that, after getting eleven black-balls and a pair-off at the Casino last night, dear boy!

## ON THE WRONG ROAD.

Mercury may have been the messenger of the gods; but when he gets away into the nineties it seems as if he were the messenger of some other fellow.





# SUMMER SCRAPPS

OUT IN MINNESOTA the nights are sometimes so cold that it seems unkind to leave the thermometer out of doors.

WHAT AN AWFUL lot of difference there is, when you come to think of it, between the bier on the ice and the ice on the bier!

OVERHEARD AT NARRAGANSETT PIER.—“Does she bathe? Why, yes; I suppose you may say she bathes—but she has no heels on her bathing shoes.”

“IS THAT GLASS MAD?” said a stranger to a Coney Island bar-tender, who had just served him with a glass of beer. “Why?” “Well, it’s frothing so at the mouth.” The bar-tender took the hint.

REVENUE CUTTERS—Carlisle and Morrison.

THERE IS some truth in the old superstition about good luck coming to those who are born with a caul. A donkey came into the world at Coney Island the other day with one of them over its face, and died before it could be taken off. Nothing better could have befallen it.

BIFKINS, who prides himself on his French accent, had an awful mortification the other day. After speaking the language to a waiter in Delmonico’s, through the soup, fish, entrée and roast, the menial brought him powdered sugar with his lettuce.

A SHORT HORSE frequently makes a much shorter man.

THE MAYORS of the Massachusetts cities were recently dined at Nahant by the Mayor of Lynn, the menu comprising baked clams, champagne, turtle steaks, brandy, green corn, Rhine wine, sandwiches and beer. Since then the various presidents of the Boards of Aldermen have had the entire municipal responsibility on their respective shoulders.

ALMOST ANY BODY will give you an ordinary, plain, common cat, without dreaming of wanting money for it—except when you ask for the cat under the name of rabbit stew.

SOME PHILOSOPHER claims that the lobster is a Jewish shell-fish, because it is grasping, and has its chief claws ending in a shape not unlike the noses of the Chatham Street clothiers.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE spend their time in inventing lamp-burners that will increase the quantity of light, and thousands of other people spend their time in painting lamp-shades that shut out ninety-seven per cent. of the whole illumination. This is a good deal of a fool world, after all.

THE POSSESSION OF a four-in-hand often makes a poker-player go too far. It is permitted to heave a high over jokes like this.

## SATIATED.

Van Gresham has been knocked overboard by the main boom, has been rescued by a passing tug, and is being vigorously rolled on the water-cask.

SKIPPER (of Tug).—Look in my locker, Mr. Fidds, and you’ll find half-a-bottle of Hennessy brandy. He’s coming to a little, and we’ll help him along.

VAN GRESHAM (feebly).—For God’s sake, don’t give me that, Cap’n. I’ve just passed th-three days at the Larchmont Club House.



“TO THE RESCUE!”

Young Crimley, the artist, does a little practising in his studio before starting on his three days’ visit to Bar Harbor.



THE SURE EFFECT OF THAT LAST ENGLISH MISSION.

RECONSTRUCTED MESSENGER BOY.—Er’r, ah, there!—did you call, me bloomin’ ’unks?

## AN INCENTIVE TO FAMILY PRIDE.

The hired man took a long pull at the water jug, replaced the corn-cob stopper, set it carefully down in the shady corner of the fence with his vest over it, and sitting down on the end of a projecting rail, while the boys gathered around him, began:

“Once upon a time I worked for a man out in Chemung County; and, I tell you, he was the dandiest man I ever worked for. Take it Fourth of July, Decoration Day, or circus day, did n’t make no difference what we was doin’, nor how big the hurry was, he’d always hitch onto his big wagon and say: ‘Jump in, boys, every mother’s son of you; I won’t have no man of mine workin’ on a farm when there’s a circus or a celebration any where around!’

“Oh, he was a dandy man to work for; and some way his crops always seemed to be better than any one else’s, too. I don’t ever expect to work for his like again!”

And, having sagaciously planted these incentives to family pride in the hearts of his employer’s sons, he picked up his hoe wearily, and again led the attack on the luxuriant growth of weeds.

C. N. Hood.

THE PEOPLE who are howling because of humidity just at present are the same persons that always howl at this time of the year when we have a dry spell.

IF A MAN ASKS: “Is it hot enough for you?” say “Yes, sir,” politely. Never forget that you are a gentleman, no matter how warm the weather may be.

NO WONDER that the Chicagos were willing to part with Kelly. They kept their umpire.



THE WORKINGMEN of New York have 200,000,000 dollars in the savings banks, and we shall be mighty glad when the Anti-poverty scheme begins to fructify.

GEORGE GOULD has a baby boy; and a wise baby boy it is, too, to select such a family to grow up with.

A BOB-TAIL HORSE is many times larger than a fly; but we are putting our money on the fly.

ISN'T A GIRL coquetting in a hammock "playing the hose?"

BUSTLES ARE all right enough under certain conditions. For instance, a wasp should wear one.

WHEN A MAN WINKS at a soda-water girl, is he trying to make a mash? Yes; a sour mash.

IT IS BELIEVED by some people that the next campaign will see a base-ball candidate in the field.

ALTHOUGH THE HEN is proud of her little ones, yet does she love to sit on them.

A MAN WHO went down to Coney Island, the other day, to drown his grief in beer, was at last accounts on his 297th glass, and was anchored to the earth to keep the froth from lifting him.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY—Cleveland and the Democratic office-sharks.

PUG DOGS are going out of fashion, and their naturally sad expression is deepening.

THERE ARE beautiful associations clustering about the old family Bible. When you have got through reading about Susannah, in the Apocrypha, you can turn to the Record, and find out that your Uncle Ebenezer was Born on March 19th, 1841, and was Took with the Measles July 7th, 1853. There is a great deal in patient study and research.

HENRY CLAY was in the Senate of the United States at twenty-nine, contrary to the Constitution. But we suppose it's too late now to make any fuss about it.

A DEAD LETTER—The di gamma.

IT COST ENGLAND five thousand dollars to purchase a garter for the Crown Prince of Austria. In this Republican country we would let a man's stockings drag in the mud before we would pay any such price for a garter.

A GOOD NAME for the ultra vulgar native of Chicago would be a Chicagorilla.

DR. MC GLYNN SAYS that he is struggling to maintain his humility. He will find it easy enough before the robins nest again.

SOMEBODY SINGS in a contemporary:

"There's an indolent grace to the flow  
Of her gown in its cincture loose pent."

And there is a strong suspicion that our bath-houses on ladies' day are not guarded from poets as they should be.

THAT PUZZLE!



A MIDSUMMER PUCK Puzzler and his wild nightmare, as depicted by himself.

N. B.—And he didn't get the puzzle right, either. The \$500 will not go to him.

FREDERICK  
BROWN'S  
(Philadelphia)

"The Genuine"  
GINGER!  
The Only Reliable

FOR  
CRAMPS  
AND  
COLICS.

MONTE CRISTO  
WHISKEY.

RICH, SOFT, DELICATE IN FLAVOR.  
THE BEST PRODUCED.

CHILDS & CO.,  
543 & 545 10TH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.  
Shipped to all parts United States. Orders by mail promptly filled. Send for price-list.

Advantages of Heating with a  
HOT WATER APPARATUS.

[Continued from Page 409, Puck, No. 545.]

FIFTH.—The Hot Water Apparatus does not require the constant attention that is necessary with steam, as the Heater only needs looking after two or three times in twenty-four hours, and an ordinary domestic is quite competent to take charge of it. There is no danger of explosion, as the apparatus is open to the atmosphere (as is an open tea-kettle on the stove,) there being no pressure on the pipes, only the weight of water, and no steam gauges, safety valves or other appliances that require repair and renewal in a year or two. (To be continued.)

Send for Descriptive Catalogue and Circular to the

GURNEY HOT WATER HEATER CO.,  
237 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, MASS.

JOHN A. FISH, Managing Director.  
WORKS AT EAST BOSTON. SELLING AGENT, M. H. JOHNSON,  
140 CENTRE ST., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y. RICE & WHITAKER  
MFG. CO., 42 & 44 W. MONROE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.  
Mention Puck.



## THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.  
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

**SOHMER & CO.**

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1119 Chestnut St.  
CHICAGO, ILL., 209 Wabash Avenue.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 922 Market St.

## UNDERWOOD SPRING WATER.

The Best Table Water in the World.  
PREVENTS BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

OFFICE: 18 VESEY ST., N. Y. CITY.

## WINCHESTER'S

HYPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA is a matchless remedy for Consumption in every stage of the disease. For Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite, and every form of General Debility it is an unequalled Specific Remedy. **BE SURE AND GET WINCHES-TER'S PREPARATION.** \$1 and \$2 per bottle. Sold by Druggists  
**WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists,**  
162 William St., New York.



**COLEMAN**  
NAT'L BUSINESS COLLEGE.  
NEWARK, N. J. Gives the BEST, SHORTEST, CHEAPEST and most THOROUGH course of BUSINESS TRAINING of any school in America. For catalogue, address  
**H. COLEMAN, Pres.**

ESTABLISHED 1801.

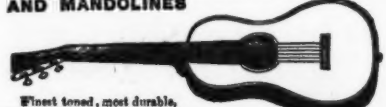
## BENT & CO.'S WATER CRACKERS.

Guaranteed Easy of Digestion, Absolutely Pure.  
**BENT & CO., Milton, Mass.**

## MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike Artificial Systems—Cure of Mind Wandering. Any book learned in one reading. Great inducements to correspondence classes. Prospectus, with opinions in full of Mr. PROCTOR, the Astronomer, Hon. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, DR. MINOR, WOOD, REV. FRANCIS B. DEKIN, The Christian Advocate, MARK TWAIN, and others, sent post free by  
**PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.**

## THE WASHBURN AMERICAN GUITARS AND MANDOLINES



Finest toned, most durable, and possess the only absolutely correct action. Warranted to stand in any climate. Ask your dealer for them. Illustrated Catalogue mailed free by the Manufacturers,  
**LYON & HEALY, 162 State St., Chicago.**

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.



Please mention Puck.

**C. WEIS.**

Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail, 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 60 Walker Street, and Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-Mounted Pipes and Bowls made up in newest designs. Circular FREE.



## Print Your Own Cards!

PRESS, \$3; Circular size press, \$2; Newspress size, \$4. Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 3 stamps for catalogue press, type, cards, etc., to the factory,  
**KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

Nine Gold and First-Class Medals.  
**PETER F. HEERING'S  
COPENHAGEN CHERRY CORDIAL.**  
**LUYTIES BROTHERS.**

GENERAL AGENTS,  
No. 573 Broadway, NEW YORK. No. 1 Wall Street, New York.

"TELL me," he whispered with the hoarseness of emotion, whispered as if he feared the murmuring surf might catch the question, and bear it to some other ears: "tell me, have you ever loved?"

She trembled. She hesitated for a moment, and he thought he felt her blushes glow into his eyes. She trembled, and, in a soft, still whisper, gentle as the summer, answered: "Not this summer."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"DARLING," he whispered, as they were entering her house after having attended the show at the dime museum in full dress: "why do you resemble this knob?"

With a playful smile she gave it up, and, like an interlocutor at a minstrel show, asked: "Why?"

"Because you are something to adore."

When she had colored up and coldly hurried into the house he realized he had overdone it.—*Washington Hatchet.*

Miss A. (to Miss B.).—Did you notice that Miss C. don't wear her engagement ring while her affianced is out of town?

Miss B.—Yes; but I don't blame her. In this hot weather one wants to wear just as little as possible.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE MIDSUMMER PUCK ..... 50c.

PUCK'S LIBRARY, I, II, each ..... 10c.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK, I, II, III, each... 25c.

One copy MIDSUMMER PUCK,

" " PUCK'S LIBRARY,

I or II,

" " PICKINGS FROM PUCK,

I, II or III,

To one

Address

75c.

One copy MIDSUMMER PUCK,

Two copies PUCK'S LIBRARY,

I and II,

Three copies PICKINGS FROM PUCK,

one each, I, II and III Crop,

To one

Address

\$1.25.

By mail only, from

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK,  
NEW YORK.



**Cuticura**  
A POSITIVE CURE  
for every form of  
Skin and Blood  
Disease  
from  
PIMPLES to SCROFULA.

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INSTANTLY RELIEVED by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, lichen, pruritus, scall head, dandruff, and every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, when physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND MEDICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

## "Private Club" GRAND CHAMPAGNE.

**FELIX JACQUIN,**

EPERNAY, FRANCE.

Highest Grade Imported.

**L. E. WILMERDING,**

GENERAL AGENT,

No. 3 South William Street, N. Y. City.

SUB-AGENCIES.

W. H. Jones & Co., Boston, Mass.

Augustus Merino & Co., Phila., Pa.

W. C. Beetchenow, Newark, N. J.

H. J. Reynolds, New Haven, Conn.

Geo. W. Walker, Brooklyn, N. Y.



## FELT TOOTH BRUSH

ADJUSTABLE CLEANSER  
AND POLISHER.



Endorsed by the Profession.  
Has the following advantages over the old bristle Tooth Brush: More Cleanly, Perfect Polisher. No Loose Bristles. Non-irritating to the Gums. Powdered Ready for use.

For sale by all dealers in toilet articles, or by mail for 60c. by THE HORSEY MFG CO., Utica, N. Y.

# Pears' Soap

## Fair white hands Bright clear complexion Soft healthful skin.

## "LITTLE THINGS."

It is the "little things" of life  
Which cause the trouble and the strife;  
It is the "little things" as well,  
That oftentimes our griefs dispel.

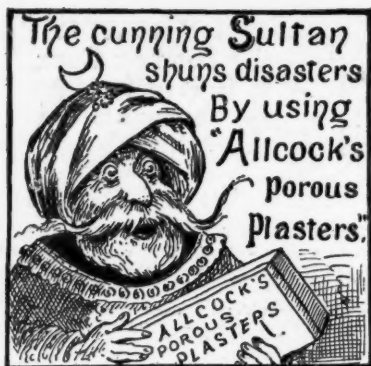
SHAVING is but a "little thing"  
Yet some account it torturing.

Before you shave yourself again  
A "WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK" obtain,  
And prove the fact that they who shave,  
In "little things" much comfort have.

Ask your Druggist for Williams' Shaving Stick, or send 25cts. in Stamps and receive it by mail post-paid. Address, **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,** Glastonbury, Conn.  
FOR 50 YEARS M'FRS OF "GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP."

VERY PORTABLE  
FOR  
TRAVELERS.





The time of year is at hand when old heads and young become imprudent, get overheated, cool off suddenly, catch cold, headache, nervous disorders, and a thousand and one other troubles. The best thing to do is—after you have contracted one or more of these pains—to cure yourself as quickly as possible. Small pains are not to be neglected except at the risk of serious consequences. Remove them at once. It can be done by an application of one or more of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, recognized the world over as the best external remedy ever made. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.



An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Liveraches, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops imparts delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.  
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

*Nicoll*  
The Tailor.  
SPLENDID ASSORTMENT  
OF  
WOOLENS  
FOR  
SUMMER WEAR  
FOR  
SEASIDE AND COUNTRY.  
SCOTCH CHEVIOTS,  
HOMESPUNS,  
ENGLISH SERGES,  
MOHAIRS, ETC.  
Suits to order from . . . . . \$20.00.  
Trousers " " . . . . . 5 00.  
145 & 147 Bowery,  
and  
771 Broadway, Corner Ninth Street.  
Samples and self-measurement rules mailed on application.

**EDEN MUSEE.** 55 West 23rd Street.  
Muncz Lajos and Prince  
Paul Esterhazy's Orchestra. Daily two Grand Con-  
certs. Admission, 50 cents; Sundays, 25 cents.

**FAT FOLKS**  
using "Anti-Corpulence Pills" lose 15 lbs. a  
month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never  
fail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

**LADIES.** Dr. Urlin's Discovery Produces a Beautiful  
CLEAR SKIN. By Mail \$1.00. P. O. Box 1669,  
N. Y. Dr. Urlin's Headache Powders are grand. By Mail 25 cts.

#### A RIGHTEOUS JUDGE.

[A manly tribute to the many virtues of the late lamented Jedge Tolliver.]

I never see a man more peart  
With weepins or with law;  
He was an honor to the bench—  
A jedge without a flaw.  
He never called no jury, no;  
He'd smile a sorter sad,  
And take his two six-shooters out,  
And there the twelve he had!

He'd listen to the evidence,  
Unless he cut it short;  
And you kin betcher boots there was n't  
The least contempt o' co'rt.  
And when he'd bring his verdick in—  
An' start to wet his thirst—  
You ort to watched them fellers rush  
To see who'd settle first!

He was a most progressive jedge,  
Not stuck on lawyers dead;  
He shook both Blackstun an' old Coke,  
An' put his faith in lead.  
But now he's gone, I swear I feel  
The greatness of our loss;  
Fur on the shoot an' on the bench  
He war the heffy boss!

—Cleveland Sun and Voice.

It has been noticed that a girl who has graduated from Vassar and had twenty-five thousand dollars spent on her education will, after marriage, hold clothes-pins in her mouth and gossip over the back fence while hanging out the washing, just like other women. You can't change a woman's nature.—*Dakota Bell.*

NATURE is bound to keep up the average; when she makes a man who can accumulate a fortune, she usually produces a family of spend-thrifts to squander it.—*Whitehall Times.*

88 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

The Pope Manufacturing Company,

12 Warren St., N. Y., and Boston, Mass.

The "Expert Columbia," which I obtained of you more than two years ago, has given me immense satisfaction. I would not exchange this bicycle for any other make in the market; and my judgement is based upon the experience I have had in subjecting it to the severest test of any machine, viz: ordinary road riding in long tours.—*H. E. Parkhurst.*

No Buffet should be without a bottle of **Angostura Bitters** the world renowned appetizer and invigorator of exquisite flavor endorsed by the medical profession for its wonderful curative power.

## CHAMPION OF TWO CONTINENTS.

An Interesting Comparison of  
**THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.**

Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of the national beverage and its consumption is a matter of investigation and comment for every traveler that has visited and written of those States. Many have gone behind the commercial feature of the industry, and have found in the production, fostered and protected as it is by the Government, a solution of the stability of the people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neighbors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the consequences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their colossal Braueriein and that the Government fosters them.

The last annual official statistical showing of the product in Germany and Austria has just been received here. According to this report, the output of the six leading breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the following:

	BARRELS.
1. Spaten Brewery, Munich, (Gab. Sedlmayer, Prop.).	363,017
2. Anton Dreher, Vienna.	348,603
3. Löwen Brewery, Munich.	252,750
4. St. Marx, Vienna.	299,480
5. G. Pschorr, Munich.	235,950
6. Liesing Actien Brewery, Vienna.	170,764

**Total, 1,670,564.**

There are innumerable small establishments, but these six larger ones serve to give some idea of the magnitude

REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK  
The GREAT ENGLISH DISINFECTANT.

The First Requisite in all Dwellings.  
The most POWERFUL and PLEASANT of all PREPARATIONS in use.

Fragrant, Non-poisonous, does not stain Linen.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Fluid, for sprinkling about rooms, disinfecting linen, and general house use.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Powder, a powerful and pleasant preparation for stables, kennels, ashbins, &c.

"SANITAS" Crude Disinfecting Fluid, a concentrated form of "Sanitas," to be diluted with water for flushing drains, &c.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Oil, for fumigating sick rooms, treatment of throat complaints, rheumatism and ringworm.

"Sanitas" Disinfecting Toilet and Laundry Soaps, &c., &c.

THE REGULAR USE OF

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT, and Deodorant, is a sure preventive of all contagious and infectious diseases. It is invaluable in the sick room.

"A PEOPLE'S HEALTH IS A NATION'S WEALTH."

"SANITAS" IS NATURE'S DISINFECTANT.

To be had of all Druggists and of the

American & Continental "Sanitas" Co., Ltd.,  
636-642 West 55th street, N. Y. city.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of All  
STOMACH BITTERS,  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.  
To be had in Quarts and Pints.  
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,  
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

**AGENTS WANTED** (Samples FREE) for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. DR. SCOTT, 843 B'way, N. Y.

## BOWERY BAY BEACH.

The most beautiful and popular family summer resort, with excellent fishing, boating, bathing. Accessible by elegant summer horse cars from 92d St. ferry in 20 minutes. Fare 10 cents, including ferriage; and from Hunter's Point ferries in 40 minutes. Car fare 10 cents. Also by steamboats direct to Grand Pier. See principal daily papers.

345

## 410,000 Barrels,

an excess of more than 10 per cent. above the production of the Spaten Brewery of Munich, the largest European brewery. Experts in the manufacture of beer are not slow to say that the quality, also, of the Anheuser-Busch beer excels that of its European rival in about the same ratio. This opinion is not only that of American judges, but in every European exposition in which the beer of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has come into competition with that of all the above-named breweries, it has been awarded the first premium. In every European capital medals have been given to them showing that they surpassed all other exhibitors in the quality of the beer manufactured. These awards have not been merely occasional, but record a succession of triumphs.



# Cholera Morbus Cramps Colic Diarrhoea Summer Complaints Dysentery

*All Cured by a  
teaspoonful of  
Perry Davis' Pain Killer  
in a little Milk or  
Sugar and Water.*

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT. 344

## SOZODONT



BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE  
ARE COMMUNICATED TO THE MOUTH BY  
**SOZODONT.**

which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

### TAPE WORMS

Removed in two hours. Permanent Cure Guaranteed. Established 14 years. A. W. ALLEN, 604 GRAND ST., NEW YORK.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for

**TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢**  
Demand unprecedented. R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago

OMAHA MAN.—That is a beautiful section of country up your way.

STRANGER.—Yes; we expect it to become a great favorite with summer visitors. We have named our place Verdure Glen.

"My gracious! That will ruin it."

"Ruin it?"

"Yes, siree. You must give it an unpronounceable Indian name, six syllables long, if you want it to become a summer-resort."

—Omaha World.

An old grandma with a small boy boarded a Gratiot Avenue car the other day, and the collector rang the register twice.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"That's two o'clock," answered the boy.

In a minute or two another passenger got on, and again the register rang.

"Three o'clock!" exclaimed the old lady, as she bobbed around on her seat; "My stars! but how time does fly in a city!"—Detroit Free Press.

### HENRY LINDENMEYER, PAPER WAREHOUSE.

NO. 15 & 17 BEEKMAN STREET. } NEW YORK.  
BRANCH, 37 EAST HOUTON STREET.

## mighty FUNNY—AGENTS WANTED. SAMANTHA: AT SARATOGA:

By JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.  
Funny Hits! Funny Cuts! SELLS like Fun!!

SEE the SLENDID SUCCESS of AGENTS!  
One made a Profit First 3 Weeks of \$1381. One First 6 Days \$94.501.  
One First 10 Days \$14811. One First 3 Days \$26.501. One First 3 Weeks \$102.5011.  
It takes off Saratoga follies, flirtations, low necks, duds, pug dogs, etc., in the author's inimitable mirth-provoking style. The (100) pictures by "Opfer" are "just killing." People crazy to get it. Agents are making \$50 to \$75 a Week.  
PRICE \$2.50. AGENTS WANTED.  
Apply to HUBBARD BROS. (C) Philada. or Kansas City.



ALL STYLES  
THE AMERICAN CYCLES  
DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE  
ON APPLICATION.  
GORMULLY & JEFFERY  
MFG. CO.  
CHICAGO, ILL.  
8 PRICES THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN AMERICA

## CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address C. F. QUNTER, Confectioner,  
212 State St., Chicago.

# PUCK'S LIBRARY No. 2



BEING PUCK'S BEST THINGS ABOUT THAT AFFLICTED CREATURE.

PUCK'S LIBRARY, No. 1, "THE NATIONAL GAME."

BEING PUCK'S BEST THINGS ABOUT BASE-BALL.

10 CENTS PER COPY. \$1.00 PER YEAR.

OF ALL NEWS-DEALERS, OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE FROM

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK, PUCK BUILDING, N. Y.



KISSING THE BLARNEY-STONE.  
He Always Was Fond of "Little Rocks."

8



